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Crawford and Avalanche

JUSTICE AND RIGHT

VOLUME XLIV

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, MARCH 2, 1922

OSCAR P. SCHUMANN, Editor and Proprietor

NUMBER 9

BUSY WEEK FOR BALL TOSSERS

TAWAS CITY BOYS AND GIRLS INVADE GRAYLING. ALSO GAYLORD ALL CITY.

Since our last issue the Grayling basketball fans have had the privilege of seeing three fine basketball games. Last week Saturday night Grayling boys and girls high school teams played similar teams from Tawas City; and last Monday night the Grayling Independents played the All City team of Gaylord. Each game was a good one and gave the local patrons fine entertainment for their money.

After an all night ride the Tawas Citizens arrived in Grayling at 4:10 a. m. Saturday. The young ladies were taken to the homes of some of the local players and put to bed and allowed to sleep as long as they pleased; the boys were lodged at Shoppensagun Inn. During the day the two aggregations were entertained by the members of the local teams.

Girls Game.
The girls game was won by the visitors, the score being at the first half Grayling 10, Tawas City 18; final, Grayling 19, Tawas City 33. The visitors have lost but one game this season and are claiming the championship of northern Michigan. This team has been under the coaching of Superintendent T. E. Ousterhout, and we feel that he is deserving of great credit for the superior team that he has developed. We doubt if there is a school team in Michigan that can beat this girls team on neutral floor with a neutral referee. The Grayling girls played a remarkably strong game and for them to annex 11 points against the Tawas City girls is great credit to them.

Boys Game.
The boys game was a different story. Supt. Ousterhout had not been quite so successful with his boys team, and Coach Morrow's Hoboes tramped at will over the visitors. The score for the first half was Grayling 21; Tawas 10; final Grayling 35, Tawas 19. Grayling showed its superior team work and skill in passing and, in spite of the fact that their adversaries were much larger, they had no trouble in keeping the ball in the territory of their basket at nearly all stages of the game.

After the games a couple of hours were spent at dancing, the music was furnished by the High school orchestra. The visitors left on the night train for their return trip home.

Grayling Truncates Gaylord.
The biggest game so far of the season, in so far as interest is concerned, was last Monday night when the Grayling Independents gave the All City team of Gaylord a severe trouncing. A special train was run from the latter city bringing in about 100 basketball fans and supporters of the home team. One side of the gymnasium was reserved for the visitors. The train arrived at 1:30 p. m. When the big game began it is estimated that there were over 600 persons present. The door receipts at 25 and 35 cents admission amounted to \$192.25.

Grayling started the scoring and the game hadn't proceeded far before it was plain to see that the visitors were completely out classed. The first half ended with Grayling 19 points and Gaylord 8. The final score resulted with Grayling 44 and Gaylord 11. The first part of the game a number of fouls were called on the Gaylord players, and later in the game Grayling also had a few fouls called. All or nearly all of the penalties on either side were for run-

ning with the ball, double dribbles or other minor offenses. The game was remarkably fast, and, unavoidably many players were hurt. Coach Morrow of the Grayling team suffered the greatest injury by receiving a bad cut at the corner of the left eye. He says he don't mind a little thing like that.

The game was refereed by "Chief" Nevitt, community director and coach of Bay City Eastern High School. He is a full blooded Indian and has been active in athletics in scholastic and college circles. He refereed the conference games at Ann Arbor recently and is called out frequently to referee important basketball ball games. It is really remarkable the way he follows the game and not a play escapes him. At no time throughout the game was one of his decisions questioned. It is frequently heard that the Independent games are rough. The question was asked "Chief" Nevitt as to his opinion in this regard, as he would be a good authority. He replied that neither team was unduly rough, and said that in any fast game the men would at times be moving fast and it was impossible to avoid collisions and naturally at times some of the players are hurt, but he did not consider that the game had been rough. He said that he considered that Grayling had his ideal of a team, that their playing was clean and played with good system.

Next Monday Grayling will play a return game at Gaylord. A special train will leave Grayling at 8:30 p. m. and return after the game. The fare for the round trip will be \$1.96. A guarantee of 75 passengers has been made the Michigan Central railroad in order to secure the special train. No doubt there will be twice that many ready to go and back up their team in the same loyal manner that the Gaylord citizens have backed their team.

The Grayling Independents have lost but two games this season, and these were played early in the season. Gaylord had boasted of losing but one game before coming here Monday. The rivalry between these two fine teams has been strong and has been gratifying to the players, in that their citizens are so loyally back of them.

The Grayling band furnished music at intervals during the game, and during the preliminary game that was played between two high school teams. It added to the pleasantness of the occasion and made it seem more like a real event. There seemed to be a harmonious spirit prevailing among the audience and the players both. Rivalry such as usually accompanies such games frequently leads to over zealousness and some times unpleasant remarks are heard, but such was not the case this time. All was smiles except for the disappointment of the visitors in having to lose the game, but not a single unpleasant remark or feature marred the occasion. Gaylord showed themselves to be good losers. Nor did the intoxication of victory turn the heads of the home people. Such is real sportsmanship, and the only kind worthy of participation.

Gaylord
C. Libke..... R. F. Reynolds
Keynon (C)..... L. F. Johnson
Culham..... C. Johnson
Linendoll..... R. G. Morrow
J. Libke..... L. G. Thompson

Grayling
Score first half, Gaylord 8 Grayling 19. Final score Grayling 44 and Gaylord 11. Field goals: C. Libke, 2; Keynon, 2; Reynolds, 2; C. Johnson, 4; Milnes, 4; Morrow, 1; Thompson, 1; Charlesfour, 7; E. Johnson, 1; Free throws: C. Libke, 0 in 2; Keynon, 1 in 2; C. Johnson, 3 in 3; Charlesfour, 1 in 2. Substitutions: Kondratowicz for Linendoll, Fiften for J. Libke, Charlesfour for C. Johnson, E. Johnson for Milnes, F. Libke for Reynolds. Referee—"Chief" Nevitt of Bay City.

SERMON ON CARDS AND DANCING

(Continued from last week.)

The following is a continuation of the sermon by Rev. C. E. Doty at the Michelson Memorial church on Sunday, February 19, on card playing and dancing. The part published last week covered principally the matter of dancing. In this article the matter of card playing is taken up.

Briefly we take up the matter of cards. I wish I had been able with out serious interruption of my time to keep account of the card parties announced this winter. It might be a surprise, or still more a revelation, to feel that it is a mark of a progressive and cultured community. Again I hear the question, "What is the harm in a quiet game of cards?" An hour of speech could be used this morning showing the harm and perhaps it would not avail. Forty millions packs of cards were sold in this country last year. They were sold for gambling and Wm. Mather Lewis, director of the savings department of the Treasury is reported in the Washington Herald as saying that billions of dollars changed hands last year in gambling. I do not say that every card player is a gambler but I do say that every gambler had to learn how to play the first time at a quiet game of cards. A thing that leads himself easily to gambling which is reaching such alarming proportions in this country should not have so wide a following among people who claim to have a desire to help the young. People smile at any hint that playing cards leads to gambling. But they must know better if they observe. Surely everyone knows that the gambling reported in Grayling is not so small proportions. There seems to be plenty of places where our boys and girls can see the processes. Many say I will teach my children at home then they will not want to play in places they ought not and I can tell them the evils of it. Cases are too numerous where it did not work. Play with the children at home with other games that do not have the element of chance as have the cards. And while we speak of gambling, it does not matter in the eyes of courts where the gambling is done if there is a stake it is gambling. One minister in Chicago a while back sent the police to a home where a club of his church women were playing for prizes. The reporter of the incident says the minister was within his rights. Fear not here!

Cards.
"One of the most hurtful effects of cards seems to be the lost art of conversation," says one writer on the subject. "It seems a sad commentary upon our modern social life that socially inclined people have deteriorated to that level that they cannot amuse themselves without resorting to these so called amusements." He speaks of cards, the dance, and the show. Whether card playing is the cause or the result it is a recognized fact that the fine art of conversation thru which people may sharpen their wits and develop their brain power as well as increase their range of knowledge has almost disappeared. "To entertain at cards is the cheapest and easiest way to spend an evening. All that need be prepared are the card decks, the tables, and the refreshments." As one writer says, "After greeting her guests any hostess could easily retire to her room, set the alarm, sleep from eight to midnight, then come down and serve the refreshments. There is little probability that she would have been missed at all. Talk spoils the game. It is therefore no mark of culture nor any special recommendation of modern society that it has gone card crazy." O much more might be said about this. But we pass to other considerations. You will agree with me that I have been very conservative in my statements, more than the average preacher.

I want to talk for a few minutes in another way. We only have twenty-four hours in a day. Twenty-four hours a day to make a living, get recreation, get education, read, build up our mental, physical and spiritual natures. Manifestly, not many of those hours can be fooled away if we care to get anywhere as men and women ought. We are the stewards of those twenty-four hours. God gives us minutes, hours, months, years a few to develop, make life, build nations, produce a race. We have no time for trash. Some one says, "O he wants to take away all the pleasure of the young people." Not at all. I want them to have wholesome fun and lots of it. The kind that will make them strong, self reliant, big souled and big bodied people. I do not believe the use and cards tend to produce that kind. Late hours under highly over-stimulated conditions are just plain dissipation. Many of those precious hours of our day are spent in something that never will get one anywhere. Of late and especially this winter it seems to me that every day as I go down town there are from one to three or four big cards announcing a dance or a card party. I ask where the people get the time, except they take it from better things, to go to all these. Where do they get the money except they take it from better things? It has reached the point of the disgusting. This winter when people are hard up according to all reports there have been more dances and card parties than any year I have known. Well, I tell you one result in a moment. People are made. It is impossible for fine, noble and cultured souls to be grown under such conditions. Impossible! It is sheer dissipation in this town at the present time. A waste of money, a waste of valuable time, a mad race for something I do not know what. No harm in this day no harm! When these amusements are taking our little folk almost out of

CONSERVATION-DEPT TO PRESENT MOTION PICTURES.

At Grayling Opera House Sat. Night March 4. No Extra Charge.

"Bill King and the Bird King" and "From Roe to Creel," two motion picture films, showing things of interest to fishermen, hunters and anyone interested in wild life, will be presented by the Department of Conservation at the Grayling Opera house Saturday night, March 4.

These pictures will be brot here under direction of J. H. McGilvray of the State game department. They have been exhibited at the many sportsmen meetings about the state and before other gatherings. They are of special interest and very instructive and should be seen by as many people as possible. They will be exhibited in connection with the regular evening program and no extra charge will be made to see them.

SNOW STORM DID MUCH DAMAGE

RAILROAD TRAFFIC IMPOSSIBLE. TRAINS ANNULLED.

The snow storms of Wednesday and Thursday completely demolished the railroad service out of Grayling for several hours, and rendered the highways difficult to travel. The snow at first was fine like dry sand and was fully two feet deep on the ground everywhere. Then Wednesday night came a sleet that kept everything covered. This made it still more difficult for horses to travel. They would break thru the crust and sink into the soft snow below, while their feet and legs were being cut by the ice.

And the railroads were having their troubles. Several trains were stuck in the snow between Grayling and Cheboygan and some of the engines off the tracks. Even the Grayling crew that could be mustered were out on the job. By Friday it could be seen that a little headway was being made. And by Saturday the main line was in fairly normal condition, and Monday saw these trains again running their schedules. All freights had been taken off the lines. These are getting back in order. The Lewistown train got thru Tuesday and the East Jordan branch expects to get a train thru today.

One great handicap for the railroads was the fact that the telegraph lines were all out of commission south of West Branch, and train dispatching was out of the question. It will take many weeks to repair the damage that has been done in this line, the sleet from Pineconing. Standish was so heavy that it carried almost every tower and pole to the ground, causing millions of dollars damage to electric and telephone lines. We were more fortunate in this respect in Grayling for instead of having sleet and rain that froze solid on the wires, we had dry snow, except for a brief time Wednesday night which did some material damage.

The people living in towns along the Michigan Central railroad may feel indeed fortunate for the delay in our railroad service was nothing compared with other lines in the state. The G. & R. 1 running from Grand Rapids to Mackinaw City hasn't had a train over its lines for more than a week. The track was so buried in snow that it could not be seen there being nothing except vast fields of gray ice. The Manitowish and Northern hasn't had a train over the road since Wednesday of last week. In the cities and towns the tracks are buried underneath heavy, ice covered snow, and it looks as tho some of the sidings will never be dug out but will have to wait for the warm sunshine to relieve the situation.

This seems to have been the greatest snowstorm within the memory of some of our oldest inhabitants. There was snow everywhere—deep, heavy and almost a man killer when attempting to shovel it. The snow on the walks where people walk is as much as three feet deep, all packed hard. Train loads were being hauled out of the yards in the vicinity of the Michigan Central depot and round house, and dumped below the Horrikan switch beside the deep fills. The snow was heavy on the roofs of buildings and anxious owners have been busy getting the snow shoveled off. At Lake Margrethe it is reported that the snow is so deep that in some places it is possible to step upon some of the roofs of the cottages from the snow.

Well to say the least we have all the snow that anyone could possibly hope for, and everybody will be glad to see it go away. If it once begins to thaw it is believed that it will go away rapidly for there is no frost in the ground and the water would settle thru the soil quickly.

MICHELSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Lenten Program. (March 1-April 16th.)

March 1—Aah Wednesday, Worship and Communion.
March 5, 12, 19, 26, and April 2, Special Sundays.
Sermons with the forward look.
April 9, Palm Sunday. Special music.

April 16, Easter Sunday. Communion. Special music. Sunday School program.
This should be the season of greatest church attendance and interest in our history. Pack the churches each Sunday and attend as faithfully as other things have been attended the services of the church. Every service has a meaning and a history. The scripture lessons, the hymns, the very prayers are the breath of martyrs and saints of long years of christian history.
Fall in Grayling citizens and if you have never gone to church go now. Next Sunday; next all Sundays and through the week for better children, better grown up.
Greater detail next week.

T. N. T.

AN EXPLOSION OF PEDIGREED TRUTH.

Coach Morrow's Hoboes loose one game and win one game over week end. Friday the Hoboes were defeated by the Cheboygan High School at Cheboygan. Saturday they defeated the Tawas City quintet.

The Girls team lost to the Tawas City team by a score of 33 to 19. The first half ended with the Tawas City in the lead by only 6 points. But the Grayling girls were unable to hold them down in the second half, although the Grayling girls scored many times they were unable to catch up with the Tawas Citizens.

The boys game started with a rush and it was two minutes before either side scored. Tawas scored the first basket. The Hoboes then began their fast passing and team work and soon drew away from the Tawas quintet. The first half ended with the Hoboes in the lead by ten points. The second half was like the first in that the Hoboes were able to score continually. The final score was Tawas City 19, Hoboes 35.

The Hospital Aid gave a sandwich sale at the school house last Wednesday and turned over half the proceeds to the school milk fund.

Almer Smith paid a visit to the doctor to have the injuries, which he received in the Cheboygan game, treated. It is uncertain whether he will be able to play in the West Branch game next Friday or not.

Friday March 3. What! Hawaiians. Where? School house. Everybody come.

Bonnie Hoyt left school last week. Only eight of the Primary pupils were able to attend school for three days while the storm lasted.

Miss Thompson has returned and is again teaching the first grade.

Mr. Smith left for Chicago to attend a meeting of the National Educational association held there.

Mr. Welsh visited the school Thursday.

A number of the parents of the school children attended the program given Friday afternoon by the Senior class.

Mr. Bates visited the school Friday morning.

The party which was to be given in the gymnasium Wednesday was postponed as it came on Ash Wednesday.

The Faculty were entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Keyport Friday.

The first of a number of Friday afternoons.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

VILLAGE ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given to the Qualified Electors of the Village of Grayling, State of Michigan:

That the next ensuing Annual Election will be held at The Town Hall within said Village, on Monday, March 13, A. D. 1922.

At which election the following officers are to be elected, viz:

1 Village President; 1 Village Clerk; 1 Village Treasurer; 3 Village Trustees for 2 years; 1 Assessor.

Dated this 9th Day of February, A. D. 1922.

Chris Jensen, Clerk of said Village.

8-2-3.

STATE TO HAVE HERD OF REINDEER

SIXTY TO ARRIVE FROM NORWAY SOON.

Will Be placed On Wild Lands of Upper Michigan.

The State Conservation commission is about to receive sixty reindeer from Norway. C. B. Olivarius of this city is in receipt of a message from the reindeer were shipped from Christiania, Norway, February 24, and would probably arrive in New York about March 10th, on the steamship Bergenfjord.

In the shipment are ten bucks and fifty females. Accompanying them are three Laplanders who will look after the animals and care for them until they are placed upon some of the wide stretches of wild lands in the Upper Peninsula, near Newberry or Soo Junction. It is hoped and expected that one of the Laplanders will remain with the herd for a year or longer, or until some of our Americans can be taught the right care of these animals. These reindeer are of a very hardy type and very profitable and it is hoped that in the near future we shall have vast herds of them traveling the wild lands of Northern Michigan.

For some time the Conservation commission has been trying to get a herd of these animals and efforts were made to get them from Alaska, but the cost seemed almost prohibitive, it being \$200.00 per head in Seattle. Mr. C. B. Olivarius, a native of Denmark and a lawyer, who is at present the private secretary of Mr. Rasmus Hanson, of this city, was asked if he believed they could be secured from Norway at a reasonable price. The Conservation commission took the matter up with Mr. Olivarius and requested that he take up negotiations with parties in Norway in an effort to secure a herd of reindeer. This he did with the result that these animals will cost the State of Michigan about \$200.00 a head landed in New York.

This is only an experiment and if found to be successful no doubt it will be gone into on a larger scale. Much depends upon the way the animals are handled, says Mr. Olivarius as to their success. Certain natives of Lapland living in Upper Michigan claim that the forage and grasses in that region are very similar to that found in Norway which the reindeer like and upon which they thrive. The females in this lot are expected to have calves about May 1st.

Upon arrival in Detroit and also Saginaw, it is expected that the animals will be placed on exhibition so that the public may see them.

DOES IT PAY TO BECOME EDUCATED?

From a study of a large number of actual cases, it has been found that, at 25 years of age, the boy who remained in school until he was 18, had received \$2,000 more salary than the boy who left school at 14, and that the better educated youth was then receiving more than \$900 a year more in pay. "This is equivalent to an investment of \$18,000, at 5 per cent," the statement said. "Can a boy increase his capital as fast in any other way?"—The New Success.

Farm Bureau Notes

R. D. BAILEY, County Agricultural Agent

Pleasant to Have Our Own Way. Most of us would enjoy it greatly if we could go along just as we choose; not having to come up to any standards; unfettered by taxes; ignoring the eternal laws that govern the soil; no fence problems; no weather problems; no school problems; no problems at all.

Study of people so situated, however, shows that such liberty is not for the individual's good. Live fish head up stream. Kites rise against the wind. The best in men comes out while conquering adverse circumstances.

Have Had It a Long Time

We have had our own way, in a farming sense, a long time.

We have used our own ideas of soil management and have seen most farms growing poorer.

We have handled the soil as we wished, and have let enough moisture escape to more than half grow the crop.

We have clung to potatoes and they have got no where.

We have looked with indifference or scorn upon the new teachings of agriculture, and have seen potatoes, oats, rye, clover not yield as they used to, and yields of the first three cut down by disease that scientific agriculture can prevent.

We have farmed with little dab of a lot of things, with not much to sell, while the world, the way it is organized, keeps demanding more and more ready money.

We have raised our cows from scrub bulls, and that has got us no where nor anything.

We have cross bred until our cows are a mess of mongrels, ring-tailed and speckled, and averaging a tragically low yield.

We have run the whole show on our own haphazard, unscientific plan, getting so little for our lives used up and our labor expended, that it seems to a bystander that many would welcome a change.

All Aboard for a Change.

We may stand at the station when the conductor calls: "All aboard," and let the train go on without us.

It seems right up to a man's deciding whether he wants to stay where he is, and as he is, or to move ahead.

If the latter, he has got to shake himself out of his day dream and say to himself: "Get out of here. Catch the cars. They will soon be gone."

So with our farming; some are so slow to make a change for the better; so slow to catch on to better ways and better things. Some of us seem to find it too much trouble to think constructively to plan for improvement in executive ability. Easier to starve along and holler: "Bad luck," "Every-one against me," "The weather," "The railroads," "The government."

The truth may be that the complainant has stagnated.

Forks of the Road.

Every morning a man is at the forks of the road. He can, and does, choose, whether he will travel the unimproved, easy-going, shiftless, growing road that leads to punk, or whether he will travel the get up and dust, do it or die, have something road.

While a man is shooting in his life (Continued on last page.)

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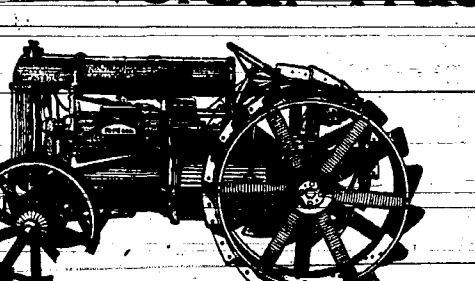
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GEORGE BURKE, Grayling, Mich.

The Girl, a Horse and a Dog

By
**FRANCIS
LYNDE**

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"THE GIRL"

Synopsis. — Under his grandfather's will, Stanford Broughton, estate, valued at something like \$40,000, lies in a "safe repository," and that is all. It may be identified by the presence nearby of a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, a piebald horse, and a dog with a split face, half black and half white. Stanford at first regards the bequest as a practical joke, but after consideration gives out "The Girl" legacy. On his way to Denver Stanford hears from a fellow traveler, Charles Bullerton, a mining engineer, a story having to do with a flooded mine. He guesses at the possibility of a mine as a "safe repository." Bullerton refuses him information. Broughton starts for Placerville, in the Red Desert. At Atropia, just as he is about to start, Stanford sees what appears to be the identical horse and dog described in his grandfather's will. Impressed, he leaves the train at the next stop, Angela. Unable to secure a conveyance, Broughton seizes a track-inspection car and escapes, leaving the impression on the town marshal, Beldier, that he is denigrated. Pursued, he abandons the car, which is wrecked.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Gentle reader, I wonder if you've ever tried to climb a telegraph pole without the contrivances that a line-man buckles upon his feet? If you haven't, the advice of this amateur is—don't. Half a dozen times I shimmied up, perhaps to the height of a man's head, only to come sliding down again on a run. At last, by a series of inchings I contrived to get within arm's reach of the lowest crosspiece. Pliers in hand, I strained for the nearest wire, propped it, and began to twist it back and forth to break it.

Not to let me miss any of the thrills, it was at the useless instant of the wire breaking that my straining ears caught the sound they had been listening for—a far-away drumming rumble that seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Then, out of the same indefinite circumference came a warning that was still more unmistakable—the long-drawn blast of a locomotive whistle.

I didn't climb down that pole; I came down like the timeball on the fleetest in Washington at high noon. Moreover, I struck the ground running, as one might say. All thoughts of tinkering that confounded motor had vanished and my one great object in life was to get the car off the track before a worse thing should happen. I was doing fairly well with the lifting and tugging when the enemy heard in sight, less than five hundred yards away. And that wasn't all, either. At precisely the same instant, as if it had been timed by the same mechanism that had brought the freight train, here came a wild engine around the curve in the opposite direction, with its whistle valve held open and making a racket to wake the dead. The best motor-car riders had found a locomotive somewhere and were chasing me.

One mad heave at the stranded gasoline car, a mighty boost that got all but one wheel of it in the clear, and I was gone—streaking like a jack-rabbit for the tall timber—only there wasn't a stick of timber nearer than the slopes of the background mountains.

One glance over my shoulder as I fled showed me what I was in for: that the story was to be immediately continued in our next. Both engines tried to stop; did stop it, time to avert the greater catastrophe. Three or four men jumped from the freight and two from the wild engine to come tearing after me. I figured I could give them their money's worth at that game—being in pretty fair training—so I pitched out to try to turn the hypothetical theory into a condition.

It was a great race. Through one gap and into another we went, making figure eights around the hills and back again, dodging into new ravines and out of them into others, circling among great sandstone boulders that took all sorts of weird shapes in the passing glimpse.

I don't know just how long the chase lasted, but it was long enough to give me a very considerable degree of respect for the nerve and persistence of those highly indignant railroad men. We must have been miles away from the scope of the disaster when I finally left them behind and lost them. When I looked back and found myself alone with the solitude I sat down upon a flat rock to gasp and laugh. It had all been so supremely ridiculous, and so beautifully in keeping with the reputation I had left behind me at Angela, that I felt sure that now nothing less than a verdict of expert alienists would ever serve to convince these Red Desert folk that I was anything but an escaped lunatic.

After the breathing spell I kept on up the valley, heading away from the setting sun, and feeling certain that, sooner or later, I must come out somewhere in the neighborhood of Atropia. Two hours later I came into a sort of an excuse for a road. Being pretty well winded by the stiff climb out of the canyon ravine, I sat down at the roadside to rest a bit and in deciding which way I should go, to the right or to the left. Just as I was making up my mind I heard a patter of feet and a dog barked.

A moment later I could see the beast, indistinctly. He had been coming up the road and had stopped at the light or scent of me. Since a dog argued the proximity of a dog-owning human being, I called coaxingly: "Here, Towser—here—come on, old fellow—that's a boy!" and the curious thing about it is that he did it, running in a little way and stopping.

and finally coming to squat before me and to lift a paw for me to shake.

I jollied him a bit and let him nose me to his heart's content. Then suddenly, as if he had discovered a long-lost master, he broke away and began to leap and dance around me, barking a furious and hilarious welcome. In the midst of this hubbub I heard a heave and the squeaking of saddle leather, and the dog's owner rode up. At first I thought the dandy outlined skeleton-hatted figure in the saddle was that of a boy. But it was a woman's voice, and a mighty pleasant one, that called to the dog: "Down, Barney, and behave yourself—what's the matter with you, sir?"

I stood up and pulled off my cap. "I'm chiefly the matter," I said. "Your dog seems to think he knows me, and I'm awfully sorry that his memory is so much better than mine."

You'd think anybody would think—that a woman riding alone in the dark on a solitary mountain road would be handsomely started, to say the least, at seeing a man rise up fairly under her horse's nose. But if my little lady were scared, she certainly didn't parade her fright.

"Barney is such a foolish dog, sometimes," she said apologetically. "He has a double brain, you know; half of it is good-natured and silly and the other half is—well, it's—"

The dog had come around again wagging his tail and at that magic word "half!" I stooped to let him stick his cold nose into my palm. The act brought me near enough to enable me to see him better, and I had to clap a hand over my mouth to keep from shouting out and scaring the entire combination into a wild stampede. For, if you'll believe me, the dog was my dog. One-half of his face was white and the other half was black; that merged and faded harmoniously into the night.

"I know," I said, straightening up again, my brain awed that way, too, sometimes. "Then, 'pardon me, but would you mind telling me the color of the horse you are riding?'"

"The young woman laughed and her laugh was just as jolly and pleasant as her speaking voice.

"Winkle is what the cowmen call a 'pinto'—a calico horse," she answered promptly.

"Sure!" I bellowed. "I knew it!" and the horse shied and the dog barked in sheer sympathy. Then I apologized. "Please forgive the explosion. As I said a minute ago, my brain sometimes acts like Barney's; half of it being good-natured and silly and the other half—well, we'll omit the description of the other half for the present, if you'll permit me. May I—"

"Will you have the goodness to tell me where I am?"

"I—why—dare me? Don't you know where you are?"

"Not any more than a harmless, necessary goat, I assure you."

I couldn't be certain, but I thought she took a little firmer hold upon her bridle rein.

"Did you—did you come from Angela?" she asked in a sort of awed little voice.

"How did you guess it? I was, indeed—for a very short space of time this very day—a member of the Angela band. And if you should ask me, I might say that I feel as though I had walked most of the way home from Angela. I—I—my car broke down, you know."

"Yes," she said. "I know"—just as if she did. Then, "I can at least tell you where you are. This is the southern slope of Cinnabar mountain. This road leads on down to Atropia, about three miles below."

"Yes; Atropia was the place I was trying to come to."

She stopped and appeared to be thinking about something. Then she said: "Really, I think you would better not go to Atropia. It's—well, it's quite a long walk."

"The walk doesn't specially appal me. I've done so much walking this afternoon that a few hundred miles, more or less, in addition wouldn't be worth mentioning. But for some other reasons—"

"Yes; for some other reasons," she said, repeating it right after me. Then: "I—well—Daddy and I, might give you some supper and put you up for the night, if—if you wouldn't mind sleeping in the—in the loft."

My Lord! I hadn't so much as seen her face clearly yet, but I could have worshipped her. She had just come from Atropia, and she knew! Of course, she knew. That little dry-as-dust hamlet must have been sizzling for hours with the wire news of the escaped lunatic who had alighted in Angela only to light out again with a stolen inspection car. And in the face of all that she was willing to take a chance on me! If she had only known that I would cheerfully risk sleeping in the cellar—to say nothing of a loft—rather than lose sight of her—

but she was going on a bit breathlessly: "It is only a short mile to our cabin and—and if you are very tired, I might let you ride Winkle."

"I shall be most delighted—to walk," I hastened to say.

"Straight on up the road, then," she directed.

We had traversed possibly half of the promised mile in plodding silence when we came to a place where the grade was so steep that it cut what was left of my sea-level wind to the small end of nothing.

"Stop a minute and get your breath," said the pony's rider; and when I had halted: "You are not used to these high altitudes, are you?"

"Not so that any one would remark," I gasped. "How high up are we?"

"About five thousand feet. The mine is exactly five thousand three hundred, I believe."

There it was, you see: THE MINE! "Pardon me," I blurted out; "but would you mind telling me if your eyes are blue?"

Her laugh was like a drink of cool spring water in the middle of a hot summer day; refreshing, you know, like that.

"I suppose your eyes are blue; people tell me they are."

"Thank you," I returned. "There is only one other little matter and that can very well wait until we are—"

A bit better acquainted, you know. Shall we go on now?"

She spoke to her pony and we went on. Ahead of us and diagonally up a steep slope I could see the dim shapes of a number of buildings, all dark. Then we came to a great dump, looking as if the mountain had at one time opened to pour out a cataract of broken stone.

Beyond the dump there was another building with a light in it; and as the dog ran ahead of us, barking, the figure of a man silhouetted itself in the open doorway.

"Here we are and you are welcome to the Old Cinnabar," said my companion to me. Then she "hoo-hooed" cheerily to the man in the doorway, and slipped out of her saddle, letting her pony stand while she led me across to the lighted, log-bull cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

The Old Cinnabar.

"Daddy, here is a man I found down at the head of Antelope gulch; he had lost his way, so I brought him home with me." Was the simple manner in which she launched me; and I found myself shaking hands with an elderly man who looked as if he might be a farmer, or a miner, or something of that nature—you will know what I mean—dressed in trousers tucked into boots, iron-gray whiskers all over his face, an eye as mild as a colic dog's.

"He looks plain right, Jennie," he remarked, and then to me: "Come right on in, stranger, and be at home. If you don't see what you want, ask for it." After which he went to take care of the plumb line.

The log cabin proved to be primitive only on the outside. The interior was a dream of cozy homeliness. A hanging lamp lighted it, and in its mild glow I had my first real look at the girl.

She wasn't beautiful, in any show-girl meaning of the word; she was something far better—pleasant, charming. A round little face, wind-tanned to a tint as delicious as the bluish in the heart of an apricot blossom, a jolly bit of a nose, thick-lipped enough to bespeak a healthy sense of humor, a mouth neither too large nor too small, upheld by a firm, round chin, and the chin upheld by an extra firm little jaw.

As she had admitted her eyes were blue—the blue that shades into violet—and they were well-set; wide apart and perfectly fearless; the kind of eyes fit to match the straight-lined brows that usually go with them.

I sat before the cheerful blaze, chuckling quietly to myself over the mad adventures of the day and their highly romantic, not to say miraculous, outcome. Beyond all manner of doubt I had stumbled upon the three tall-mans of Cousin Percy's cryptic letter. By the most marvelous of accidents I had discovered the girl, the horse and the dog; and, if the remainder of Percy's letter were to be taken at its face value, I should now be in touch with my legacy.

As to the character of that legacy, there could be no further question. Grandfather Jasper had left me a mine; and I was fully prepared to find it the drowned mine of Bullerton's story. What I might be able to make of it was a matter which could wait.

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A little later the girl returned to set the table, and presently we had supper. It was an amazingly good meal; crisp bacon, fried potatoes, hot biscuits and honey, and coffee that was most delicious in spite of the condensed milk which was made to serve as cream.

After we left the table the blue-eyed maiden got housewifely busy, and the old man and I sat before the fire and smoked. I don't remember just how it was that we mutually drifted toward the automatic cigarette machine and such things, but we did, and maybe I may have bragged a bit about having driven and tinkered pretty nearly all the breeds of goat on hand and water—as I really had.

"Know about machinery, do you?" said my hearth-mate; and then, with a humorous glint in his mild eyes: "Shouldn't wonder if you could be sort of a godsend to me, if you wanted to. 'To-morrow, if you ain't too big a hurry to be leavin' us, I'll get you to show me a few things that I don't know, 'long them lines, maybe.'"

Of course, I acquiesced cheerfully. By and by the girl came in and sat down to knit, just as her grandmother might have done, and at that her father got up, and, lighting a lantern, went out. I was fairly perishing by this time to know a vast number of things, but hardly knew how to begin asking about them. So, as the old man clapped on his hat and left the cabin, I blew out the first foolish remark that came uppermost.

"All dressed up, and nowhere to go, isn't that about the way of it for you two up on this mountain?"

"Meaning Daddy, and now, particularly," she said, smiling across at me. "He has gone to make his regular round of the mine buildings and cabins. Not that there is the slightest use of it; only he likes to feel that he is at least pretending to earn his pay."

"The mine?" I queried.

"Yes; this is the old Cinnabar, you know; and Daddy is the—well, I suppose you might call us the caretakers, though there isn't much to take care of. The mine has been shut down for a year and more."

"Is it a gold mine?"

"It was."

"Why the past tense?"

"Water," she said, briefly. "It's a drowned mine. That is why it was shut down."

Of course, this was exactly what I was expecting to hear, and yet this plain unadorned confession of things gave me a dumb and soggy feeling of despondency. Percy had winked me to remember that his letter was no joke; but it seemed that it really was one, and that the joke—which was a mighty grim one—was on me.

"Can't the water be pumped out?" I asked.

"It seems not. I understand the company spent thousands of dollars trying to pump it out. It's—it's rather difficult."

"You mean the company's loss?"

"No; the company didn't lose anything. It was just one old man."

Now we were coming to the real meat of the thing and I looked my hand of cards over carefully to the end that I should not overplay it.

"I'm fond of stories," I ventured, "especially mining stories; and there, upon she told me the story of the Cinnabar. It was a fair repetition of Bullerton's tale, with a few more or the particulars thrown in.

As my blue-eyed little Scholierzade understood it, my grandfather had been a minority stockholder in the company during its prosperous period. When the water debacle came, the fact of it was carefully concealed from him and he was generously permitted to pay to the rescue, which he did by paying it fabulous sum (Scheherazade didn't know how much) for his fellow-stockholders' holdings. In other words, they had sold him a gold brick; soaked him for a final clean-up on a doomed mine. That was about all there was to it.

"Did my—did the old gentleman ever speak of ever come out here himself?"

She nodded.

"Once that we know off; that was after it was all over and the place was deserted. At that time Daddy had taken up a claim just west of here in the next gulch and we were living in this cabin; squatters, I guess you'd call us. So we camped down."

"That was quite right and proper. And this Mr. Jasper Dudley he didn't turn you out when he came, did he?"

"Oh, no, indeed; he was very kind. When he found that Daddy's gulch claim wasn't going to pan out anything, he said he needed a caretaker here, and since that time he has sent us money every month. But now I suppose it will all be different. Mr. Dudley is dead."

"But the heirs?" I suggested.

"We don't even know who they are. When Mr. Dudley went away he left a sealed envelope with Daddy. He said he might come back again, and though I don't know what time it was, but if he didn't, or couldn't, Daddy was to keep the envelope and give it to his—Mr. Dudley's—representative, whoever that might be."

Talk about plots thickening! This one was already as thick as molasses in the dead of winter!

"How were you to know this representative if one should come?" I edged in cautiously.

"I don't know," she replied simply. "I should suppose he would be able to identify himself in some way, though; shouldn't you? That is, if he ever comes."

"Sure; nothing easier, of course," I agreed; and then, since we seemed to have scraped the bottom of the Cinnabar dish clear, I switched off to something else.

"When we were coming up the road a white back, Miss Jennie, you gath-

ered the impression that I was a crazy man, didn't you?"

"Didn't you try to give me that impression?" she countered.

"I fancy I didn't have a very hard—fancy as you had been spending the afternoon at Atropia."

She forced a queer little laugh and bent lower over her knitting.

"When you were in Atropia, did you see or hear anything of the other crazy man?"

"Is there another one?" she asked, a bit breathlessly.

"I was told so in Angela's afternoon."

"Is this other man a friend of yours?" she wanted to know.

"You could scarcely call him that; I've met him only once. He is a mining engineer and his name is Bullerton—Charles Bullerton."

If I had reached up and got her pistol out of its holster over the mantel to bang it off into the fireplace she could hardly have been more startled.

"Charles Bullerton here?"

"Not here, exactly, but he was in Atropia two days ago. Do you, by any chance, happen to know him?"

"Oh, yes; quite well."

"Then, naturally, you know best whether or not he is in my class—the crazy class, I mean."

Once more she let the blue eyes drop to her knitting, and if I wasn't mistaken the pretty lips were twisting themselves in a sort of wry smile.

"The last time I saw him he told me he was crazy," she admitted.

"Isn't this delightful?" I murmured. "Bullerton is crazy and I'm crazy;—"

I stuck my head out of the blankets and listened greedily.

perhaps we are all a bit crazy. Do you know, Miss Jennie, that I have come thousands of miles to find you?"

"To find me?" the blue eyes were as round as the full moon.

"Even so, you, your horse and your dog. Would you or would you permit an exceedingly personal question? Remembering always that it is put by a man who has lost his wits? Have you a small brown mole on your left shoulder?"

She blushed very prettily; even the handsome mountain wind had been blown enough to hide it.

"I think you are crazy—completely crazy."

"Certainly I am; there hasn't been the slightest doubt of it since—well, since about two weeks ago, when I started to hunt for a man and a pig-dog and a plumb line."

There was silence before the fire for a long minute and I began to be afraid Dudley Hiram would come back before anything else happened. Then she said, with more curiosity than sentiment, I thought:

"How did you know about the mole?"

"Then there is one?" I questioned eagerly.

"Yes."

"Story be!" I chanted. "You don't know what a load you have lifted from whatever poor fragment of a mind I have left!"

Again she said: "I don't know what you mean."

"Just you wait," I begged. "I have said intervals at times—all sorts of things—when—when my next words come alone I'll explain as much as I can—which isn't nearly as much as you might think at first."

It was just at this moment that her father returned, so she went on with her sock-knitting while we two men talked a bit and had a bed-time smoke. Pretty soon I began to get sleepy—a natural consequence of the strenuous day—and at the third yawn, which I was trying vainly to hide, Daddy Twombly lighted a candle and offered to show me my bunk.

This proved to be in the cabin loft, as the blue-eyed maiden had threatened, and the stair was just a common ladder. Father Hiram left me the candle and I had blown the light out and rolled myself in the blankets before I realized that the loft must be directly over the room with the fireplace in it.

I was so workmanly tired that I fell asleep almost at once, and why I should have awakened before morning, I don't know. But I

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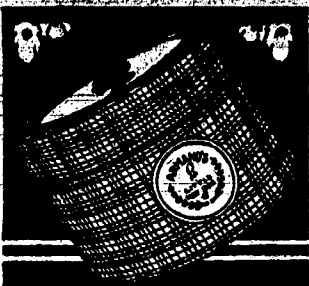
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A. M. LEWIS
YOUR DRUGGIST

LOCAL NEWS

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1922.

Bake Sales every Saturday at Simpson's store.

John Dye of Roscommon was in Grayling Thursday on business.

Supt. C. M. Moritt of the DuPont has been in Wilmington, Del., for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Behlke and family are moving this week to their new home in Bay City.

Be sure you are registered to vote at the Village election. Next Saturday is the last chance.

There will be a regular meeting of Grayling chapter No. 83 O. E. S. on Wednesday evening March 8th.

Goin' to Gaylord with the basket ball team next Monday? Have a good time and get into the spirit. Everybody goes.

Supt. B. E. Smith was in Chicago last of the week to attend the annual meeting of the National Educational association.

Mrs. R. D. Bailey returned Sunday morning from a three weeks visit with her son, Edward D. Bailey, in Mt. Pleasant, and her daughter, Mrs. Lucille Hagie, in Vassar.

To celebrate her 12th birthday Miss Ada Kidston invited sixteen young girls to her home Monday afternoon.

The time was spent very pleasantly playing games. Shirley McNeven, Norma Mitchell and Clara Willett were the lucky winners of prizes in the contests and puzzles. Mrs. Kidston served a delicious lunch.

Regular meeting of Rebekah Monday night, Mar. 6.

See the Good-Luck ring; on display at the Gift Shop. B. A. Cooley.

You can buy No. 1 Timothy Hay at Salling Hanson Co. store for \$20.00 per ton.

Supt. B. E. Smith and family are moving into the house vacated by the E. W. Behlke family.

Mr. J. Lani Pa is a good talker and his remarks will be intensely interesting. His quiet humor will create many a hearty laugh Friday, March 3, at the High school auditorium.

Keep your feet dry this spring. Save a doctor bill. Rubber boots for 3 years old add up, also men's light and heavy hip-boots and a complete line of shoe rubbers. Get them now while getting is good. Boots \$2.00 and up. E. J. Olson.

If you wish to vote at the Village election March 13, and are not already registered, you may do so by calling on Township Clerk Chris J. Jensen at the Michigan Central freight office at any time before next Sunday Mar. 5. You cannot register after next Saturday for this election.

Gladwin is in the grip of a heavy coat of sleet and ice, which has caused great damage. The storm started Tuesday night, and the heavy weight of ice has broken down trees, electrified lights and telephones out of commission. Gladwin Record.

J. Lani Pa quartet, March 3, H. S. Mr. Pa, who specializes in the steel guitar and ukulele is not only capable of rendering by instrument and voice all the haunting melodies of his native land, but with no less remarkable facility he can explain in just what quantities the weirdness of Hawaiian music consists.

Tanlac is the ideal strengthener and body builder for old folks. A. M. Lewis, druggist.

John Holman left Tuesday for Detroit on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Gothro were in Grayling Monday.

Miss Phyllis Laidlaw of Bay City was in Grayling Monday.

Mrs. George Welch left Friday for Flint to visit relatives.

O. F. Barnes of Lansing was in the city on business last week.

H. A. Shields of Gaylord was in Grayling on business Tuesday.

Miss Mae Richardson spent Sunday with her parents at Roscommon.

Mcarrs Leo Jorgenson and Forest Barber were in Detroit Friday on business.

Here's a bargain—No. 1 Timothy Hay for \$20.00 a ton.

Salling Hanson Co.

Dan Hoesli attended a convention of the Standard Oil Co., at Cheboygan, Wednesday.

Mose Blomdén of Mackinaw has been visiting at the home of his sister Mrs. Dan Hoesli.

Mrs. Ben Shore and daughter Merjorie Jane spent the week end in Bay City visiting relatives.

Miss Beatrice Ketzbeck of Gaylord visited at the home of her cousin Mrs. Carl Doron Monday.

The J. Lani Pa quartet presents "A musical travelingogue on the Hawaiian Isles." March 3, H. S. auditorium.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ketzbeck returned Wednesday from a visit with relatives in Kalkaska and Saginaw.

Mrs. Ross Sparkes and son of Detroit arrived Thursday to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. George Smith.

Next Saturday is positively the last chance to register for the Village election. See the Village Clerk at the Michigan Central freight depot.

Don't miss the supper to be given by the "Red" team of the Eastern Star chapter, to be given at the Masonic Temple next Wednesday, Mar. 8.

Mrs. B. A. Cooley is in Detroit this week. She says that she intends to return with the finest line of spring hosiery that has ever been shown in Grayling.

Now is the time to have that spring suit cleaned, repaired and pressed, before the rush of new work for spring. Hendrickson Bros., South Side, Phone 614.

The O. E. S. held initiation Friday evening. Mrs. Margaret Yahr, Mrs. Minnie Martin and Miss Donna Lock-off were initiated. Afterwards a social time and lunch were enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Charles Wilbur returned from Detroit Sunday night where she had been visiting for some time. She was accompanied home by her daughter Mrs. George S. Wendt and little daughter Mary Jane.

The Womans Home Missionary society of the Michelson Memorial church will meet at the home of Mrs. Phillip Zalman next Wednesday, Mar. 8 at 2:30 o'clock. A good program is being prepared. At these interested are invited to be present.

Standish is about to engage a resident band master, and Frank Walton, a former leader of Grayling band is being considered. Mr. Walton is a finished musician and the Standish band members should consider themselves fortunate if they are able to secure the services of such a capable band master.

"Is spring came?" Seeley Wakeley reports that he saw crows Monday last. These birds are very good harbingers of the after-winter season and many will be led to believe that the spring time is about here. This will be joyful news as this has been a real closed winter with lots of snow and cold weather.

Miss Jennie Ingley entertained twelve ladies of the It-Suits-us Club Monday evening. The prizes were won by Mrs. H. Joseph and Mrs. Lucy Robinson and at the close of the game a daintily appointed lunch was served. Mrs. Will Havens will entertain the same group on Tuesday evening March 7, at her home.

Oriental superstition?—Perhaps so, but it is an interesting relic of Asiatic antiquity. Alleged by the Chinese to be almost uncanny in its power to bring to the wearer, GOOD LUCK—health, happiness, prosperity, and long life. This odd looking ring excites great interest when observed on your finger. An unusual gift. Find them at the Gift Shop.

B. A. Cooley.

Mayor Geo. Olson and Tony Nelson have deposited with the Michigan Central railroad \$147.00 as a guarantee fund for the running of a special train to Gaylord next Monday night for the basket ball game. Get your tickets of either of these gentlemen, and not of the ticket agent at the depot. 75 passengers have been guaranteed therefore these gentlemen must sell that many tickets. Buy from them, early.

The roof of the Collins pavilion at Lake Margrethe, collapsed under a heavy weight of snow. Saturday, and crashed thru the floor below.

There is nothing left of the structure except the concrete foundation and the porches, and the salvage that can be recovered from the broken timbers in the way of kindling wood. George Collen says that it will be rebuilt as soon as possible next spring, and enlarged by the addition of a dining room and kitchen.

Some of our residents living down the river report that they have not been away from their homes since last week Wednesday and some were beginning to run short of food. However Tuesday was a fine bright day and some of the men were able to snow-shoe to Grayling for supplies.

The department of conservation at Lansing sent out warnings to the several game wardens in the northern part of the state that there was great danger of the deer dying for the want of food. The matter was called to the attention of Jos. C. Burton and he circulated a petition for funds with which to purchase hay. In almost no time he had enough money with which to buy a ton. This was distributed at several points about Lake Margrethe where it is known there are many deer. George Schell and Dick Babbitt distributed the hay. This, it is believed, will tide the animals over until the snow has sufficiently gone and they are again able to pick their living from the ground and trees.

Who has ever heard of a rug in room size for \$4.25. We have a lot on display now. Six different patterns, beautiful decorations made of Japanese grass, suitable for dining rooms, bed rooms, sun-parlors and many other places. 6 x 9 at the above mentioned price. Sorenson Bros.

The Detroit Times and the Avalanche one year by mail for \$5.00. The regular price is \$6.00. This offer is for a short time only.

The natural, refreshing sleep of a healthy body is enjoyed by those who take Tanlac. A. M. Lewis, druggist.

Stylish Spring Suits

are "March"-ing in.

Unusually good suits, of fine fabrics and tailored by experts.

Blue Serges

that will surprise you at

\$18 to \$25

A splendid showing for your inspection.

Kupperheimer

GOOD CLOTHES



An Investment in Good Appearance

Snappy Spring Caps

For men are here. Imported tweeds in the new English-Golf shapes

\$1.50 to \$3.00

New Spring Hats

We are proud of the New Spring Hats—men! The newest shapes and colors and marked at prices that will surprise you.

Ladies Stunning New Trimmed Hats for Spring wear are on display.

Grayling Mercantile Co.

PHONE 1251

THE QUALITY STORE

SORENSEN BROS.

The Home of Dependable Furniture

"THAT YOU MAY KNOW"

FURNITURE is our principal line but it is by no means the only merchandise we carry. Our stock may readily be divided into fourteen distinct lines or departments and each one is complete in itself. We aim to give our customers the best merchandise and best of service in all these lines.

- | | | | |
|----|--|--|---|
| 1 | Furniture | Fancy and plain; also Baby Carriages, Baby Cutters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing Machines, Hammocks, Swinging Davenport, etc., etc. | A |
| 2 | Wall Paper | Large selections at the right prices. | B |
| 3 | Floor Covering | Rugs, large and small, Linoleums, Matting, etc., etc. | C |
| 4 | Window Shades | Water Colors and Off Opaque, also Porch Shades | D |
| 5 | Paints | Exterior and Interior, Varnishes, Enamels for all purposes, Oils, Polishes, Bronzes, etc., etc. | E |
| 6 | Picture Framing | Work Neatly Done at Reasonable Prices, Room Mouldings, Picture Glass, etc., also Furniture Repair Work (not upholstery) Go-cart Wheels, Re-tired. | F |
| 7 | Undertaking | Best of Service Night and Day. Phone 79. Night Call 703. | G |
| 8 | Gift Goods | Toys, Glassware, China, Souvenirs, Boys Wagons, Coaster Sleighs, Doll Carriages, Kiddie Cars, etc., etc. | H |
| 9 | Dinnerware | Domestic and Imported, Semi-Porcelain and Transparent China open stock, matchings are looked after promptly as long as factory can supply. | I |
| 10 | Kodaks | Eastmans complete line of Cameras and Supplies. "If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak." | K |
| 11 | Building Materials | Plaster Board, Roofing and Tarred Felts. | L |
| 12 | Woodenware and Cabinet Hardware | Clothes Baskets, Hampers, Ironing Boards, Curtain Stretchers, Furniture Casters, Glides, Drawer Pulls, Curtain Rods, Picture Books, Carpet Tacks, etc., etc. | M |
| 13 | Post Cards | Local Views, Birthday Post Cards and Fold-ers, Cards for all special occasions. | N |
| 14 | Bedding | Mattresses, Blankets, Comforters, Pillows, Sofa Cushions and a fine assortment of Brass, Steel and Wood Beds. | O |

If you are not a customer of this store you are cordially invited to come in and get acquainted. We are anxious to add your name to our many satisfied customers.

Sorenson Bros.
Furniture and Undertaking

AS LIFE SEES 'EM.

Blessings on the little dame,
Marriage girl with knees of same,
With thy rolled down woolen hose,
And thy short, transparent clothes,
With thy red lips, redder more,
Smothered with lipstick from the store,
With the make-up on thy face,
And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace,
From my heart I give thee joy—
Glad that I was born a boy.

WARNING!

To men, women, and children who have been destroying my property, I will prosecute to full extent of law unless stopped at once.

Mrs. Rose A. Sweeney.

NOTICE! NO TRESPASSING.

I knew the parties that carried away the trespass signs, also names of people that broke down fence and crossed my lot being forbidden to do so. Some parents seem to uphold their children in doing such work.

Mrs. Rose A. Sweeney.

Clean cotton wiping rags wanted at the Avalanche office. 5c per lb. paid for them.

Tanlac corrects stomach disorders, strengthens the nerves and restores health through its effect on the appetite and nutrition of the body. A. M. Lewis, druggist.

REDUCED PRICES ON FLOORING MILL WOOD

Per Wagon Load at the Mill \$3.50

ADDITIONAL FOR DRAYING—
To any point on South Side \$1.00
To any point on North Side \$1.25

Leave orders with C. W. Hazzard or at office.

KERRY & HANSON FLOORING CO.

Saturday Specials

Bushel Potatoes

95c

With an order of \$1.00 worth of other groceries

Salmon, Alaska Red, tall can	29c	Eggs, strictly fresh, dozen	35c
Sardines, in olive oil, large can	23c	Royal Garden Tea, 1/2 lb. package	35c
Red Raspberries, in heavy syrup, can	39c	Graham Flour, 10 lb. sack	43c
Lima Beans, Richelieu can	27c	Dried Apples, large circles, pound	21c
Honey, 1921 crop, per cake	19c	Premium Soda Crackers, salted, 2 pounds	29c

THE SIMPSON CO.
Grocers
PHONE FOURTEEN
PROMPT DELIVERY

A Short Time Ago I
Weighed Only 80
Pounds—Now I Weigh
112 Pounds and

TANLAC

is what built me up so
wonderfully, says Mrs.
Barbara Weber, 315
Van Ness Ave., San
Francisco. She is but
one of thousands simi-
larly benefited.

If you are under weight, if
your digestion is impaired, if
you are weak and unable to
enjoy life to the fullest mea-
sure, you should take Tanlac.
At all good druggists.

WINS \$5,000

Another big puzzle contest just started
by Mr. E. J. Reilly. This fascinating
puzzle is all the rage. Everybody's
playing it.
This is the biggest and most exciting
puzzle contest of all. First Prize is \$5,000.
Second Prize is \$2,500. 103 other big cash
prizes. Total, 105 in all. Win one of them.
Contest is open to all. Costs nothing to
try. The picture puzzle is free.
Amazing Health and Beauty Discovery
This great offer is made to introduce
Reilly's Test Tablets. The great Vitamin
Health-Builders. Contains all three vita-
mins that enable you to get the right
nutriment from the food you eat. Vita-
mines bring about a wonderful change in
skin, nervous, run-down people.
If the body is properly nourished, all the
vital vigor of youth comes back. Eyes
sparkle. Lips and cheeks reflect the color
of the purest blood that courses through
the veins. A spring step, a happy walk,
the joy of youth are regained. No matter
how young or how old you are, you need
Vitamin. And Reilly's Test Tablets
supply them in the pleasantest form.
\$4.00—Puzzle Picture—\$4.00.
But you don't have to buy Reilly's Test
Tablets to enter this contest or win a prize.
Just send for the "E. J. Reilly" puzzle
picture—complete big color—free—on
request. Hurry up—send today to E. J.
Reilly, 9th and Spruce Sts., Dept. 117,
Philadelphia, Pa.

for that
COUGH!
KEMP'S
BALSAM
Pleasant to take
Children like
it.

DON'T DESPAIR

If you are troubled with pains of
aches; feel tired; have headache;
indigestion, insomnia; painful pas-
sage of urine, you will find relief in

GOLD MEDAL
HARLEM OIL
CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney,
liver, bladder and uric acid troubles and
National Remedy of Holland since 1895.
Three sizes, all druggists.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box
and accept no imitation.

Public Health
With a \$2,000,000 foundation fund
from the Rockefeller interests, Har-
vard University will establish a school
of public health, providing both in-
struction and research in this great
field.

AT THE FIRST SIGN
OF A COLD—USE
CASCARA QUININE
WORLD'S Standard Cold and Grip
Remedy. Do not let your cold
run. W. E. HILL COMPANY, DETROIT.

Mitchell
Eye
Salve For SORE EYES

Dr. Kellogg's
Asthma
Remedy

For the prompt relief of Asthma and
Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it.
25 cents and one dollar. Write for
FREE SAMPLE.
Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

**Rats in the Cellar,
Mice in the Pantry,
Cockroaches**

In the Kitchen
What can be more disagreeable than a
home infested with pests? Destroy them
with Stearns' Electric Paste, the standard
exterminator for more than 45 years.

Kill rats, mice, cockroaches, waterbugs
of ants in a single night. Does not blow
away like powder, ready for use, better
than traps. Directions in 15 languages on
every box. Order from your dealer.
2 oz. size 35c. 15 oz. size \$1.50.

PALMER'S
LOTION
A HOUSEHOLD
NECESSITY FOR
BURNS, STINGS, CUTS,
SCALDS AND ITCHING
AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES.
ALL DRUGGISTS.
G. M. PALMER

HAIR LOTION

CAPE BRETON ISLAND



Bay of St. Ann's, Cape Breton.

(Prepared by the National Geographic So-
ciety, Washington, D. C.)

Close to home, yet less known to
Americans than many parts of Europe,
Cape Breton Island, a part of Nova
Scotia, is far from being the "few acres
of snow" that Voltaire contemptuously
dubbed it in the days when France and
England were at each other's throats
over it. It is barely an island, and for
all practical purposes may be consid-
ered the easternmost point of Canada's
mainland.

Perhaps many who have not seen
this land think of it as Voltaire did,
but it has its own special charms and
a thriving general agriculture, and
growth is remarkably rapid, once vege-
tation is started. It has, too, all the
ingredients for industrial success in
this "Steel Age"—iron ore, coal and
limestone. And, unlike those of the
competing iron-producing regions of
North America, Cape Breton's minerals
are at the water's edge, where the
finished product can be handled most
cheaply.

The ports of Cape Breton are closer
to Europe and Africa by hundreds of
miles than any others on the North
American continent; and, surprisingly
to those who have not closely studied
their maps, the distance from Cape
Breton to Rio de Janeiro is less than
that from New Orleans to Rio.

A less material but important asset
of Cape Breton is its scenery and mi-
norities. Relatively few American tour-
ists have "discovered" the island yet,
but those who have been by its
charm. Its summers are pleasantly
cool and its winters, thanks to the
proximity of the Gulf stream, relative-
ly mild. A principal pleasure feature
and beauty spot is the island's inland
sea. The beautiful Bras d'Or lakes, a
paradise for sportsmen.

Cape Breton's history is old and full.
Unhappily her coasts were frequented
by Norwegian rovers as early as the
Tenth century, and we even know it
from the authority of the Flemish geo-
grapher that the island was discovered
and named by Basque fishermen who
crossed the Atlantic in pursuit of
whales abundant years before the voy-
ages of Columbus.

John Cabot's Landfall.
It is from the voyage of the Cabot
however, that Cape Breton dates her
history. The highland to the north of
the island is now generally agreed to
have been the landfall of John Cabot
—the first sighting of North America
of which we have record. Peter Mar-
tyr's account of the voyage of the
younger Cabot in 1498, when the is-
land was claimed in the name of
"King Henry" shows that a landing
was made on these northern shores at
least a year before Columbus touched
upon the mainland of the continent.

Standing far out in the Atlantic, the
most easterly extremity of the Domi-
nion of Canada, Cape Breton owes much
of her colorful history to her geo-
graphical position. She reaches out into
the ocean trade lanes, the landfall of
west-bound shipping today as in the
time of the Vikings.

Two centuries ago her commanding
position with reference to the trade of
the St. Lawrence and the West Indies
made Cape Breton an issue in world
politics, an issue sometimes determining
the peace of Europe and upsetting the
treaties of the powers. The fortunes
of the little island, now under the
red cross of St. George, now under
the gold lilies of France, are a part of
the continent's history—the greater
part of it a war history.

The story of Louisbourg, a fortress
25 years in the building, at a cost
of six millions of dollars—more than
four times that sum in the value of
our money—its two sieges, and its
final demolition, is the best-known
chapter of Cape Breton's history.

The fortress became not only the
base of French naval power in Amer-
ica, but, with outlying posts at St.
Peters, Ingonish, and St. Ann's, the
resort of privateers that infested the
New England coast and the haven to
which they conveyed their spoils.

Upon the outbreak of war between
France and England, in 1744, to the
colonists of Massachusetts and New
Hampshire the reduction of this
stronghold was a highly attractive
project.

Capture of Louisbourg.
The first siege and capture of Louis-
bourg by the little band of New Eng-
land militiamen under Pepperell, with
the British West India fleet under War-

ren, probably foreshadowed the Amer-
ican Revolution.

With the closing of this refuge of
Atlantic privateers, "marine insurance
on Anglo-American vessels fell at
once from 30 to 12 per cent." Sub-
sequently the island was restored to
France, and again the fortunes of war
made it permanently a British pos-
session.

The plant fortress of Louisbourg was
demolished in favor of the newly for-
tified base at Halifax—a military ne-
cessity that is deplored by the visitor
of today.

And yet in all its desolation, one
thrills to the glory of its past. Here
are the remains of the Dauphin's gate;
you can trace the Dauphin's gate;
remnants of the king's bastion, and
on one of these grassy mounds stand
the citadel, where the ladies and gen-
tlemen of France graced the
grand ball on that fateful eve of
Pepperell's arrival in Chatham Bay.

Not until 1784, when the island be-
came temporarily a separate colony,
with its own governor, were grants of
land to settlers permitted. To it in
the late years of the Eighteenth and
the opening of the Nineteenth cen-
tury came a great number of hardy
Scottish settlers. In this way the is-
land became "as Gaelic as the most
Gaelic part of Scotland." Though
the considerable French Academy
settlements, a non-Gaelic element, com-
municated in the early days of the
settling process, and many descend-
ants of the old United Empire Loyal-
ists still stock the P. E. V.'s of the pro-
vince, Cape Breton is still predomi-
nantly Highland Scottish in its popu-
lation.

The finest scenery in the Maritime
provinces is to be found in northern
Cape Breton and through the lovely
Bras d'Or Lake region of the interior.
Bras d'Or Lakes.

Most striking of the island's physical
features is the inland sea—Bras d'Or
Lakes. The Bras d'Or Lakes, with-
ing from the two Atlantic entrances, it
extends in its 450 square miles of
area through the heart of the island—
nearly a thousand miles of interior
coastline bordering all four counties
and forming an enchanting succession
of wind-lashed channels. A ship canal
at historic St. Peter's, across the old
Indian portage of Nicholas, Denis's
time, connects the lake waters with
the Strait of Cansu.

This inland waterway was of great
strategic value to the French, as at a
later period it was a valuable means
of transportation—indeed, the only
means of transportation at first—to
the Highland Scottish settlers. To-
day it affords easy access to the
markets of the hydroelectric power
of the interior, no less than a
natural playground for the people of
the industrial centers.

The drive along the north shore
of Cape Breton is surprisingly lovely.
Landward there are ever the hills,
moor and remote, the green meadows
of farmlands abounding in milk and
cattle hospitality; seaward the At-
lantic, and in the distance, sheer out
of the ocean, towers "Smoky."

One scene, the view looking south-
ward from Smoky is never forgotten.
Headland after headland in outline
reaching out to the eastward, plaster
cliffs dazzling white against the dis-
tant blue, and, 1,200 feet below, the
long roll of the Atlantic.

Rescued Too Late.
In a joking way I said, "If you don't
move these shoes I will throw them in
the stove."

I picked them up and went over to
the stove. There was a lot of waste
paper in it. I just laid them on top
of it, not knowing there was fire on
the bottom. I went over to him and
told him I had put them there. He
went over to get them, and, much to
my surprise, the paper had ignited.
The shoes did not burn up entirely,
but they were utterly ruined.—Ex-
change.

them—constructed of a layer of log,
a layer of air, and so on up to the
peak.

"In my early years I wore for four
days underclothes concocted from flour
sacks with various more or less im-
proving mottoes emblazoned on them
in gaudy colors, and on week days
my own hide or pet. On the strength
of these achievements I later ran for
office, and was defeated, after which
I gave up all hope of making a living
without work, and settled down to
honest toil."—Kansas City Star.

"I attribute my many sterling quali-
ties and my reputation for unvarying
integrity in the fact that I was born
on a farm, practically, as it were, be-
tween two hills of corn like a pump-
kin," admitted J. Fuller Gilson. "I at-
tended school in a poor but honest
log cabin, of the sort that was thought
by the pioneers of those fine old days
to be good enough for their children
because it had been good enough for

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE ALARM CLOCK

"At any rate, it isn't my fault," said
the Alarm Clock to the watch which
was lying on the bureau.

"What isn't your fault? I didn't
know any one had blamed you for any-
thing," said the Watch.

"Well, I haven't exactly been
blamed for anything, but still I am
grumbling about. You see, it is this way:

"There is a little English boy named
Eugene, and every night he sets me
at seven o'clock. That means, Watch,
that I am set so I will ring at seven
o'clock in the morning and wake him
up.

"Never have I failed to do so. Never.
Never. I ring at the hour I am set to
ring at. That is the way the Alarm
Clock does.

"The Alarm Clock does its duty as it
is told. But to continue about this
little boy named Eugene. He says
evening after evening, in fact I've
never known him to miss an evening:

"Now, I must get up early to-mor-
row-morning. I have so much to do."
"That is as far as it goes," said the
Alarm Clock.

"As far as what goes?" asked the
Clock.

"You don't mean that you don't go
beyond that time, do you?" it asked.

"No, no," said the Alarm Clock. "I
mean it is as far as it goes as Eugene
is concerned. He sets me every night
to go off at seven o'clock, as I've
said.

"Every night he says that he must
get up early the next morning. He
calls seven o'clock early, by the way!

"And yet he never gets up at seven
o'clock. That is the joke.

"One would think that at times he
wouldn't bother to set me so early
when he wasn't going to get up at that
hour. But he has never yet failed to
set me at seven o'clock, and yet he
has never once arisen at that hour.

"Ah, but wait a moment!" contin-
ued the Alarm Clock.

"I can't wait another moment," said
the Watch. "For I have a reputation
to maintain."

"I had not quite told my story correctly
and that I didn't want you to finish
listening until I had finished telling."
"All right," said the Watch. "I am
still listening."

"I said," the Alarm Clock went on,
"that he had always set me at seven
o'clock, and that he had never arisen
at seven o'clock.

"The first part is quite true. But
the second part isn't quite true.

"Has he ever gotten up at seven?"
the watch asked.

"Yes," said the Alarm Clock. "He
does it every morning."

"But, alarm clock," said the Watch,
"you surprise me. First you say one
thing in a very decided manner, and
then you say another in just as de-
cided a manner. Truly, Alarm Clock,
I do not understand you. I fear you
will upset my poor works if you talk
like that and excite me so."

"I will explain," said the Alarm
Clock.

"Every night he sets me to go off
at seven o'clock."

"So you told me," said the Watch.
"And every morning he gets up at
seven and turns me off. He never
really gets up at seven. He only
changes his mind every morning at
seven."

"He has planned the night before
to get up early, but when morning
comes he regularly changes his mind
and decides he can hurry through his
breakfast and dressing and can allow
himself another half hour's sleep.

"Little Eugene is very fond of sleep.
I might add."

"It's hardly necessary for you to add
that," said the Watch. "I judge that
much."

"But imagine always setting me so
early and then only turning me off
again when I start to go off, and setting me for a half hour
later on."

"Isn't that quite the most absurd
thing you've heard of in all your watch
life?"

"Quite," said the Watch, "but as
you said, it isn't your fault, Alarm
Clock. You do the best you can."

"Thank you, Watch. That thought
is very comforting."

At an Employment Agency.
"Will you look at the cook?"
"No, when I pick 'em out by looks I
always get disappointed."

"Line 'em up. I'll shut my eyes and
take the first one I grab."

Fussy About the Song.
"Brown says he will sell his country
place for a song."

"Yes, I know, but as soon as you
start to give him a song he tells you
you haven't got the right notes."

DAIRY TALE

GAIN OF BULL ASSOCIATIONS

Increase Attributed to Fact That
Farmers Are Beginning to Realize
Value of Quality.

(Prepared by the United States Department
of Agriculture.)

A gain of 36 co-operative bull asso-
ciations during the past fiscal year in-
dicates that dairy farmers are begin-
ning to appreciate the value of such
organizations. According to the dairy
division of the United States Depart-
ment of Agriculture there were 158 of
such associations, as compared with
123 a year ago. This is an increase of
28 per cent, a very satisfactory gain in
view of the comparative newness of
the plan.

This increase is attributed by the
department to the fact that farmers
are beginning to become acquainted
with the benefits which other farmers
have derived from this form of co-
operative breeding. Both federal and
state workers have found that mem-

bers are being benefited by such co-
operative associations even more than
the organizers had anticipated.

Some form of co-operative breeding
is essential to the proper growth of
the dairy industry in many sections of
the country, for the reason that the
average herd at present is so small
that the owner cannot afford to buy a
good purebred bull, and it is certain
that the herds of the future will not
be large enough to change this condi-
tion materially. The movement to get
more people living on farms and in vil-
lages to keep family cows tends to
diminish the average size of the herd,
for the one or two cows kept by each
family are really a herd in themselves,
but owners of small herds cannot af-
ford to keep a bull. They, therefore,
depend upon neighboring bulls, and
the co-operative association is one
means of providing for such cows the
service of high-class bulls.

The dairy extension men in South
Carolina, for example, are realizing the
importance of the co-operative bull
association, have made it a part of
their campaign for "two cows to each
rural family," and they have set as a
goal the organization in their state of
114 co-operative bull associations.

Use of Purebred Sires as Improvers
of Productive Capacity of Cows Is
Rapidly Gaining Favor.

One Saturday afternoon my wife
went out to a neighbor's and left
John, a boy of four years, and Robert,
a baby eight months, who was
asleep, in my care.

While she was out, Robert awoke
and started to cry, and I could not
amuse him in any way.

John came running into the room
and asked what was the matter with
the baby, and I said, "I don't know."

He replied: "Didn't you get a book
of instructions with him?"—Chicago
Tribune.

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and started to cry, and I could not
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YOUNG GIRLS NEED CARE

Mothers, watch your Daughters' Health

Health Is Happiness

From the time a girl reaches the
age of twelve until womanhood is es-
tablished, she needs all the care a
thoughtful mother can give.

The condition that the girl is then
passing through is so critical, and may
have such far-reaching effects upon
her future happiness and health, that
it is almost criminal for a mother or
guardian to withhold counsel or ad-
vice.

Many a woman has suffered years
of protracted and misery through
having been the victim of thought-
lessness or ignorance on the part of
those who should have guided her
through the dangers and difficulties
that beset this period.

Mothers should teach their girls
what danger comes from standing
around with cold or wet feet, from
lifting heavy articles, and from over-
working. Do not let them over-study.
If they complain of headache, pains
in the back and lower limbs, they
need a mother's thoughtful care and
sympathy.

A Household Word in Mother's House
writes Mrs. Lynd, about Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
"My mother gave me Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when
I was 14 years old for troubles
girls often have and for loss of
weight. Then after I married I took
the 'Vegetable' Compound. Each of
each child was born and always when
I felt the least run-down. Both my

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Allments
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